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Bd. 1873.

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The Gift of
Rev. Samuel May, Jr.,
of Leicester (H. U. 1829),
30 June 1869.

2
The Gift of
Rev. F. Dan Huntington, D.D.
Professor in Harvard Univ.
19 April, 1858.

Contents: -

1. See Opposite.

2. Kell, Edmund. Reply to a Reviewer of his Sermon, entitled, "What Patriotism, Justice and Christianity demand for India", etc. [London. 1858.]

WHAT PATRIOTISM, JUSTICE, AND CHRISTIANITY DEMAND FOR INDIA:

A SERMON

PREACHED OCTOBER 11, 1857,

AT THE CHAPEL, CANAL WALK, SOUTHAMPTON,

BY EDMUND KELL, M.A., F.S.A.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
E. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.
SOUTHAMPTON: FORBES AND BENNETT, 143, HIGH-STREET.

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A SERMON.

"ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM." *Matthew* vii. 12th v.

AT a time when so many of our public men are stimulating the war cry against India, and urging us to bring all the might of British power to bear on the people of that unhappy country, it requires more than ordinary moral effort to stem the tide of national resentment, and to expose what I firmly believe to be well grounded convictions, to the risk of misconstruction and misrepresentation. But it is not for the Christian minister to succumb to the mere voice of numbers. Rather should he follow the example of those great and good men who have suffered ostracism, and exile, and torture, and death, sooner than betray a tittle of that which they regarded as the true interests of the land of their birth, or forfeit a pure allegiance to their Saviour and their God. Yes! I cannot but speak; truth and equity demand that I give utterance to opinions which, if right are of weighty import. Nor do I think, that Heaven's great teaching of the universal brotherhood of man, which in my inmost soul I reverence, interferes with the patriotism which constrains me to desire that England should be truly glorious among the nations of the earth.

My thoughts have been especially drawn to the question, "What patriotism, justice, and Christianity demand for India," by the appointment of a day of humiliation, in consequence of what is designated the mutiny of our Indian native army, and the truly dreadful sufferings of our fellow countrymen, and helpless women and children, in that war-distracted territory.

I believe that very indefinite ideas affix to this humiliation. So far as our national prostration before the Throne of Grace is an acknowledgment that Jehovah rules over the affairs of men—that His Fatherly discipline and protection extend over all, I sincerely sympathise with the spirit in which the day was appointed. He who is the God of *all* the peoples of the earth, *should* be acknowledged, alike in the heaving of the nations, and when their harsh

tumult is hushed to rest. But if on this day I am challenged to implore an exterminating slaughter for the inhabitants of India—called upon to condemn the Indians as if they *alone* were the "sons of violence"—to pray for the defence of our nation's rights, as if they were the *only* rights to be acknowledged, then indeed must I question the rectitude of a challenge of so mixed a character. *If* humiliation is right, it should be no *unmeaning* act. We should know what it *is* for which we humble ourselves. It is but solemn mockery to approach God for pardon while we are unwilling to confess the sins for which we *solicit* pardon, and are yet more unwilling to *forsake* them. Let, then, self-examination precede our prostration. Let us apply the probe to our national conduct in the *acquisition* and *rule* of India, and see if therein we have been guiltless, and inquire what is the cause of the rising of a people who have proved themselves not indisposed for kindly commerce with us, and what has excited in them that thirst of blood and vengeance, which has made England to raise one universal wail for her sufferers in that distant land. Let us ask if there be not something cancerous in the nature of our connexion with India, which with a determined hand we should eradicate? Nor let us distract attention from the true cause of the evil, nor insult the majesty of justice by assuming that innocent women and babes have been slaughtered *in India*, because of some special iniquities *at home*, with which those suffering individuals and India are in no manner or way connected. Let us ask ourselves, that we may so profit by our self-examination, that both England and India may again be restored to the blessing of peace.

My brethren! in this fearful crisis of *both* countries, I avow my full sympathy with those, who do not consent to rule over India by might and by the sword. I never *can* think it right, that the government of *any* country should be based upon violence, or maintained by violence; for the Saviour's denunciation, his voice of disapprobation, echoes in my ear, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," and his benign teaching is my spirit's guide, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Unhesitatingly I affirm, that we have no *moral* right to reign over India, *if* we can only do so at the expense of her people's blood.

I have said that we ought to make confession of our nation's actual transgressions. And, O! we have indeed a great wrong to acknowledge in our acquisition of India—an acquisition which has been wrought out by the grossest instances of duplicity and violence. What though Surajah Dowlah, Subahdar of Bengal, on whom one of the first instances of perfidy was perpetrated, was dissolute,

tyrannical, and weak, this does not cover over the iniquity of his deposition by Lord Clive, with its fallacious treaty and disgraceful bribes—a history of mingled perfidy and bloodshed, enough to shake the faith of India in the British sense of right—in British integrity and honor. But what avails to particularise *one* out of the long list of victims of the Company's rule of rapacity and violence? There was Mahomet Ali, Nabob of Arcot, who was falsely accused of treason, and his son of illegitimacy—that Arcot might be grasped by the British. There was Hyder Ali attacked without provocation, and the treaty compacted with the English after he had defeated them, disgracefully broken, drawing from him the censure "that they were the most faithless and usurping of mankind." There was his son, Tippoo Saib, who, because he refused to subject himself to English rule, was attacked by them and killed in the defence of his own capital, and his territory appropriated. There was the Mahratta war, attended with so much defeat of the British, in which two treaties were by them successively, dishonorably annulled, that aggressions might be resumed, which terminated according to the customary sequence of our aggressions, with the fall of the Mahratta capital, Poonah. There was the Great Mogul, who received the promise of the English to reinstate him on his throne, on condition that he should cede to them the absolute sovereignty of Bengal. Bengal was ceded, but English faith was broken—the Mogul was *never* reinstated. There was Benares seized, because its Rajah *could* not satisfy the rapacious demands of Warren Hastings. There were the Rohillas, whose trade flourished, and whose liberty under native rule was protected, most inhumanly exterminated that their territories might fall a prey to English ambition. And Oude was ruined by exactions, and the half of it ceded, and when its treasures were drained, the wealth of the mother and widow of the former Nabob was wrung from them, through the tortures of their servants. This was the first spoliation of Oude.

But I may not further enumerate. It is, alas, the *exceptions* which are rare of such total disregard of justice towards the native and rightful princes of Indian soil. Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and the Marquis of Wellesley, dealt with India's sovereigns as though thay had been foot-balls—setting up one and pulling down another, as best subserved British policy; imposing upon them hard, and insidious, and often fallacious treaties, and fomenting divisions and wars among them, as a means of bringing gold to their own and the East India Company's coffers, and of promoting territorial aggrandisement.

Are not *these* confessions, which Christian England should make

in humiliation? Were *these* wrongs, which any people *ought* to bear? And yet the multitudinous voice now speaks as if the *Sepoys* in their bloody insurrection were the *unprovoked* aggressors! Were man, individual man, to act to his brother man, as Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, the Marquis Wellesley, and divers others—the representatives of British authority in India, acted toward its peoples, his base treachery would draw upon him deserved opprobium. And why is not that which is flagrant iniquity between man and man, flagrant iniquity between nation and nation? O, I fear we have oft times suffered the glories of *triumph*, as they have been designated, to cover over foul acts of injustice and atrocity! True, Lord Clive's tyrannical policy was questioned in the House of Commons, and Warren Hastings was impeached by the Commons, but the verdict of the Peers was in his favor; and after *his* acquittal, who could *expect* to be condemned for guilt to India? Bit by bit have Rajahs, Subahdars, and Nabobs, been despoiled of their hereditary possessions, degraded from their high estate, and reduced to dependance and beggary. They were but the weak against the strong, and, in India, might for right seems to have been the Englishman's law. To effect this spoliation, to glut the lust of gold of the East India Company, and to extend England's sovereignty, what oceans of blood have been shed,—from the battle of Plassy, in which Lord Clive was victor, to our disastrous retreat from Cabul, in which by far the greater part of 16,500, many of them British soldiers, miserably perished. What a mass of human beings—What a sacrifice of our *own* people, to rob *another* people of their territories! O, is not *this* a tale which England should remember in deep humiliation? The non-recognition, more recently, of the rightful heir of the Carnatic—the Nawib's son, whom the natives still acknowledge, and the entire deposition of the Carnatic rulers, has filled that portion of India with burning indignation. The late unjust annexations of the Punjab, Berar, and Pegu, by Lord Dalhousie, were deeds at which Christian men stood aghast, and the nefarious grasp (also by Lord Dalhousie) of the remaining portion of the kingdom of Oude, seemed to fill up the *measure of our iniquities*. Fifty years of faithful alliance—of staunch adherence to the British power, through every fluctuation of its fortune, did not suffice to save Oude from the midnight attack on her capital, which was the death blow of her independence. This late act it was which precipitated India's resentment, and turned against us the arms of our Sepoy soldiers. England, in her inglorious pride, had become so *accustomed* to treat India with contumely and injustice, that she had learned to think that there was *no* robbery too barefaced for Englishmen to countenance, provided it

added to our territorial dominions. The kingdom of Oude, so long threatened by our insidious policy, was taken possession of, under the plea, that its sovereigns were too weak and incompetent to rule it. But would such a plea have stood good in any court of justice in the world? Many of India's deposed and suppliant princes, have appealed to this country in hope of obtaining redress, and have had their claims scornfully referred back to their oppressors. When the Queen of Oude came to lay her wrongs, and the wrongs of her people, before our own Sovereign—a sister queen—I felt that hers was a most touching appeal to England's justice, and I was humiliated that such an appeal should have been needed. I considered that a flagrant injustice had been committed by my country—a robbery upon a gigantic scale, for which, as a nation, we should hereafter have to render an account. When the suppliant Queen beheld the luxuries of our people, and the magnificence of our lordly metropolis, she might well have questioned, with the noble British hero, Caractacus, as he looked on all-conquering Rome, "How is it possible that a nation possessed of such magnificence at home, should envy me my humble territories at Oude?"

Oh! we have indeed deserved the retribution we have brought upon ourselves! And now let us not turn from its chastening, but before the throne of Heaven, in real, in deep humiliation, confess our transgression, and as far as we are able, make *restitution* of that in which we have wronged another. What is the acquisition of all India? What is Lord Dalhousie? What is the East India Company and its *gains*, to us, that for them we are to violate the eternal laws of honor and justice, and suffer England to be covered with enduring disgrace? Let us do *better* than support the fame of our arms. Let us be *moral* heroes, "putting away the evil of our doings" —"ceasing to do evil and learning to do well." There is *no* greatness in a pertinacious persistency in wrong. Warren Hastings said, "India has been *taken* by the sword and must be kept by the sword." This was the Governor's, the warrior's speech; most assuredly it is not the *Christian's*. I am a Briton, and I love British liberty; but I have learned also to love the liberty of others—have learned to know that every child of God has the same inalienable right to liberty, which we as Britons claim, that *every* people has a right to choose its own form of government. It is because they acted from this sense of right, that we hallow the memories of the Barons of Runnemede, who demanded for us our Magna Charta. Hampden acted on this sense of right, when he bled on the field; and Sydney, when he died on the scaffold. It was from this sense of right, that Wallace defended his native land against the tyrant Edward, and

that Bruce fought and won the field of Bannockburn. It was from this sense of right, that the Swiss patriot William Tell confronted the Austrian tyrant, mid the mountains of his native land. It was from this true patriotism that Kosciusco poured out his blood for his beloved Poland; and that a holy band of other patriots have earned for themselves an undying name. What means that oft echoed sentiment, "Civil and Religious Liberty *all the world over*," if it means *less* than the right of other nations to liberty, as well as the rights of our own, and no national liberty can consist with the arbitrary impositions of a stranger land. The natives of India, in their efforts to throw off our yoke, have indeed been guilty of detestable deeds, springing from pent-up concentrated feelings of hatred and revenge, for a *century* of cruelties exercised towards them, cruelties which,—O *why* am I constrained to *admit* it?—EQUAL in enormity those which they are *now* retaliating upon us.* *England* expects *India* to remain in passive subjection! Would *she* have remained in passive subjection, if *she* had seen strangers fomenting divisions among her people for their own base ends—invading her country, dethroning her monarchs, and wringing from her heavy exactions, which reduced her people to penury and famine—famine so dire that it carried off its victims by numbers, which on one occasion in Bengal, in 1770, were computed by millions!! O what a host to plead their wrongs before Him who is the *equal* Father of all who live, who will be Himself their Judge, and who will not refer back their cause to their oppressors. True, the drought was the result of natural causes, but it was hard English monoply and cupidity, which granaried the scarce grain, and helped to bring death upon the people. Yes, hosts have died of starvation, and what other hosts were and are kept alive, in that ill-ruled land, by picking up scattered grains of corn by the way side, or by plucking the green blade for food. Would *England* have borne in quiet oppression's crushing poverty —a poverty so great that when, according to the custom of the country, a dóle on some festival is proclaimed, the roads are crowded with congregated numbers, from distances of sometimes 50 miles, not to participate in joyous feasting, but, after fainting and exhaustion, and a night spent in dense and suffocating masses, oft times to receive a sum computed at not more than 3*d.* per head of our money.† And how would England feel, were *she* to see her people subjected to tortures horrible beyond what words can tell—to wring their money from them for their conquerors? Were she to see her fields, once rich in cultivation, become a waste, a jungle, and her towns, once prosperous and healthful, the seat of thriving manufactures, fallen into a state of penury and destitution? Would she not

* See NOTE A. † See NOTE B.

have risen—have felt that patriotism called on her to rise—to throw off the galling yoke, have striven again to live the life of freedom, even if she had perished in the attempt? India is doing *late*, that which England would have done much *earlier*—striving to be free. True, we have paid her soldiers for doing our work in India, but because her Sepoys, who think they owe a prior fealty to India, to any fealty they owe to England, have turned their arms against us, and in the heat of vengeance have done foul bloody deeds, shall we, too, speak of vengeance, of massacre, of annihilation of her people? Heaven save us such a wrong!

It is said, that the country participates not in the mutiny of the Sepoys! How is it then, if they really dwell among a people by whom they are beloved, that English women are obliged to darken their skins, and assume the garb of Indians, to escape destruction in their flight of terror. And is it likely that 100,000 "brave and petted Sepoys" would have raised their murderous hands against those from whom they took their pay, if sympathy with Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters—with their own nation groaning beneath the yoke of England—a yoke which drained them annually of upwards of twenty millions of their money, had not roused them, bidding them remember they were Indians?*

Is it asked what England can do now with India, or how, without a subjugatory conquest, we can terminate this terrible warfare? Is it said that India cannot govern itself—that if we do not rule it, it will become a prey to its own internal divisions, or that the Russians, or the French, will seize the rule which we resign? I know that our position *is* most difficult; for hard is it to retrace the steps of error. Nor can we reasonably expect, that India will readily enter into treaty with us, after we have so often broken faith with her, and as it suited our convenience, have set aside, annulled, past treaties, almost as soon as sealed. We have to regain her confidence, a confidence we never ought to have forfeited. But tell me not, that the people of the East have a natural incapacity to frame and adopt a government suited to themselves. Did not India govern itself—at least better than we have governed it—a hundred years ago, before Englishmen, instead of allaying, fomented dissentions and wars among its peoples, that they might profit by their quarrels and usurp their territories? Nepaul and the other Independent States of India, and the Siamese and Burmese, govern themselves; and why should not the conquered States of India? What India has done, it may do yet again, and work its way to higher freedom, and to a better rule, as other nations have. India has been *rich* in mental effort. To India, earth's proud kingdoms are indebted for many

* See NOTE C.

of the arts and sciences. It has had its philosophers, its poets, its astronomers, its jurists, its architects, its sculptors, before Greece had dreamt of such a reach of human power, and long—long before imperial Rome had built her first rude hut. For more than two thousand years, the most polished nations have had recourse to India for its fabrics, so delicate in texture and so rich in beauty! Learned Societies have been formed to investigate the literature, science, history, and antiquities of the Hindoos. And, little as we know of the governments of India, still are there many vestiges of enlightened rule. In comparatively modern times—in 1547—what think you of a high road across the breadth of India, from the Ganges to the Indus, bordered with fruit trees, a well at every second mile, and caravanseries at every stage. And for its architecture and its sculpture, look at Allahabad's spacious fortress, with its splendid gate, its domes and cupolas. Look at the granite and marble mosques of Ghizni. Look at Kanonge, with its lofty towers, its countless thousand shops, and its sixty thousand musical performers. Look at Muttra, with its costly shrines, its gigantic idols of gold, adorned with rubies and sapphires. Look at the magnificent palaces of Delhi, and the grandeur of its mosque. Look at the white marble mausoleum, inlaid with precious stones, at Agra. O! we wrong the Indians, if we think they have not power to rise!

As to the chimera that the Russians or the French would subjugate the realms of India if *we* do not, I ask what *right* have we to assume that *they* would be guilty of this wrong? And is the fear that *they* might commit a robbery, a rightful plea that we actually should do the deed we deprecate in them? If a solitary traveller is on the road, are *we* to plunder him, because if *we* leave him unmolested, *others* will take his gold?

I know that the piracy of lands, wave-washed by other seas than ours, tenanted by peoples speaking different tongues, has, in the ages now passed by, been thought *no* guilt. But is it *ever* thus to be? Is earth *never* to have rest? Are her peoples *never* to dwell secure beneath the shadow of their own olive trees? Is the time never to come, when war shall devastate the earth no more? *Not* so does prophecy declare! for the word of God points to a period "when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall feed them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down, together. And the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den, when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy

mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." And Jesus, the great Messiah, was called the Prince of Peace. Are we Christians, and do we anticipate less than prophecy predicts? Are we Christians, and do we pray "thy kingdom come," and with hands bathed even in our brother's blood, with bold effrontery petition for the *peaceful reign of Christ on earth?* Think of Jesus gazing on India's battle fields. Would not *He* say, "O ye who profess that ye will obey my voice, put up your swords within your scabbards, not—not within my fold should wolves be found preying upon each other."

Can I not then admire the bravery of Havelock and the little band of heroes who have caught his spirit, and with such unflinching courage, peril life to do what they conceive to be heroic deeds? Yes, they are soldiers,—they have had a soldier's training, and they act like soldiers; they go forth to save the lives of brother soldiers, of women and of little ones, who else must fall a prey to vengeance. But we at home should question what it *is* we send our armies out to do, and what it *is* has brought us to *such* peril, that shuddering we tremble now to think what may be the lot of captured, wounded, famished fellow countrymen, who but a few months since, thought that they dwelt securely among a subject people.

My brethren, I have thought it right thus plainly to speak to you on a topic which will be considered by some political. It *is* political, but it is not *simply* political; too darkly is it gloomed with *guilt* not to come under the sphere of the *ministers* of Religion. And while many Christian pastors will have thought it their duty to excite the national mind to push forward the war with India, to put down those who resist our sway with the crushing arm of an overwhelming force, determinately to re-conquer the country, and to keep it in *fetters*, I have ventured to uplift my feeble but sorrowful voice, to do my little all to allay the ferment. And with the same breath with which I ask your sympathy for the suffering English—for whom our hearts must bleed—venture to pray, that in seeking their relief it may be remembered, that those who wronged them have *themselves* been greatly wronged.

Right should be done at all hazards, at all costs. This is duty's dictate. But I wish you also to see with me, that the subjugation or retention of India is not a question in which the PEOPLE of England, as a *people*, are interested for their own profit and advancement. For it is the upper classes alone who fill all the places of emolument in that country, and who accumulate, at the expense of the subject nation, wealth, titles, and distinction. And even those who do profit by our Indian rule, with what a fearful balance of evil are their

gains accompanied. How many of them, in early life, fall victims to the ardour of that sultry clime. And how many more subject themselves to a worse sacrifice than that of life, even the sacrifice of a high toned Christian virtue, amidst the temptations to which they are exposed from the relaxed morality of that heathen land! The upper classes, however, *may* add to their *worldly* wealth. But as I have said, to the *people* at large, there is no advantage *whatsoever* in England's retention of the government of India. Theirs it is to bewail, in bitter tears, the loss of fathers, brothers, sons, exposed to the fierce battle's rage, or dying of fever, far from the soothing care of those they love. The interests of commerce, the great argument employed for the possession of India, would more probably be advanced, if the country were allowed to develope its own resources, under its own princes, than they are likely to be under our Company's rule. India, when it was free, was far more wealthy than it is now, and better able to receive the produce of our industry. Distant territorial possessions are no advantage to trade. The armed garrison swallows up the profits of merchandise. With the United States, after it had thrown off our yoke, we gained infinitely more by our commerce than we did whilst it was in subjection to us. So little has the present system in India answered as a general pecuniary speculation, however much individuals may have prospered, that when the Company, the governing body, applied to Parliament (in 1833) for a renewal of its charter, it was found to be £50,000,000 in debt, while its trade with China—also, alas, a monopoly—but in which it did not possess a foot of land, had become the most lucrative of the world. The Company has now been obliged to borrow ten millions from the Government. The Bank has lent it a million more. It is, in fact, bankrupt to carry on this war; and were it to cede India to the crown of England, it would be a worse than profitless gift.* What must be the result of our present dreadful warfare, Omniscient Power alone can tell. It may, it probably will be, the re-conquest of India; but it behoves us to consider what will be our position then? As Tacitus describes the British King Galgacus, saying to his soldiers (speaking of the ancient Roman invaders of this country), "They make a *desert* and they call it *peace*," so may it be with India under our rule. For ages it will be difficult, however benign our sway, to produce sympathy between the conquerors and the conquered. Ever will there be danger of India weakening us in the effort to keep it in subjection. It was when victorious Rome had pushed her conquests beyond her strength, and was absorbing her life blood by sending out her youth to fight her distant battles, that she brought on her ruin. May her

* See Note D.

fate never become our own. May we be wise in time! May we learn to know wherein a nation's true greatness consists! Our highest aspiration for England is, that she may evidence in her own example to other nations, the advantage of free and enlightened Institutions of justice, magnanimity, probity, and Christian righteousness—this would be England's real strength, and power, and glory! There is no glory in ruling over slaves. O, let not Victoria's diadem be tarnished by reigning over those who groan beneath her sway. Are there not regions enough in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other countries bound to us by the ties of kindred and affection, and yielding us a *willing*—a free obedience, that we should seek any rule which can only be maintained by the inglorious and un-English government of *tyrannic oppression*. It has been our pride to think that we were in advance of other nations in the race of liberty. But if we are to play the tyrant over a hundred millions of our fellow creatures in India, what *right* have we in all *consistency* to protest against the dismemberment of unhappy Poland, and her Muscovite subjection. And what are our sympathies with trampled Hungary but the shallowest hypocrisy. What our aspirations for prostrate Italy but idle empty words. England! O my country, pause ere it be too late in your war-glorious—your suicidal course. Pause ere the bright crown of liberty and righteousness be removed from thy brow. Hold fast thy *true* greatness, thy love of freedom, thy own native humanity, thy character of Christian uprightness. Turn not from the warning thou hast had in the ferocious treatment of thy fellow country-men and women and babes—the evidence of a nation's hate—that the steps thou hast hitherto taken can never gain for thee a nation's love. *No* nation can ever be satisfied—it is not in the nature of man that it *should* be satisfied—while all its places of trust and profit and authority are divided among its conquerors. No, if you wish for prosperity for your people and prosperity for the people of India, bear in your hearts the Saviour's precept, and "do unto others as you would wish that they should do unto you." Act under a sense of universal philanthropy becoming a Christian nation. Over such portions of India as desire your sway, use it for the people's good, but encourage and support *native rule*.* It may be that commercial posts,—emporiums of trade which you can hold in peace and security, may be seen by the natives to be alike beneficial to themselves and to you. But seek no more territorial aggrandisement. Unsay the Marquis Wellesley's proud and unprincipled assertion that all India must be yours. Rise above the low craving to live for territory and wealth alone, and *feel* that you have a great work to do for Moslem and Heathen India. The

* See NOTE E.

Saviour led the world to righteousness, not by precept only, but by pure example. *Had we* done so, a grateful people might, though we had wronged them, have owed us an after debt of gratitude, have felt that we owned in them the brotherhood of men, and willed to be with *us* one nation. Had you carried with you such a prestige, then might you have hoped to have planted Christianity—Heaven's greatest boon to man—on the vast plains of India, Mahometans and Idolators would have bowed before the sublime spiritual sway of the Gospel, when introduced by the winning voice of love and persuasion—the spirit of our Divine Master. But *never* no NEVER will Christianity be received while it is proclaimed by those who own a kindred name with harsh exactors—impoverishers of the people. You have tried to proclaim it under their auspices and your prayers have not been heard, your efforts have not been successful. And missionaries have spent their zealous lives almost in vain. It is treason to Christ to attempt to spread His Gospel by the deadly weapons of carnal warfare.

Brethren, I believe that England's people have never *known* the wrongs of India, or their heart of humanity would have been roused, and her Clarksons, her Wilberforces, and her Roscoes would have sent forth an appeal which would have echoed back from every British home. It brooks not now to say what *might* have been; but for the *future* let us rouse ourselves, and see that England is at least more just to India—see that no future exactions and oppressions in our rule, spur on her people to retaliation. And O, remember *they* have not Christianity to curb them. Well I know that England will have no easy task to prove to India she owns in her a nation's rights. Difficulties ever circle those who have swerved from virtue's upright holy course. But let us strive for *right*, and Heaven will bless our efforts. Let us send up the fervent prayer to *Him* before whose high tribunal the Briton and the Indian shall stand on *equal* ground, to help and guide us to stay the tide of ghastly criminality which dyes the soil of India with human gore.

Brethren, I have striven to shew what patriotism, justice, Christianity, demand for India, and if, whilst I have spoken, your spirits have been in sympathy with mine, your voices when ye go hence will plead, that in the future, even in India, the Saviour's precept may be acted out—be seen to rule us as a people—and that "in all things, whatsoever we would that men should do to us, we do even so to them."

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTE A.—See, in "Mills' British India," the brutal treatment by the soldiery of the family of the Rajah of Benares, and other females, after the capitulation of Bedgegur. See the Report to the East India Company of Commissioner Patterson, who was sent out to inquire into the charges against Warren Hastings:—Husbandmen, who could not raise the sum demanded by English extortioners, had cords drawn tightly round their fingers till the flesh of the four in each hand was actually incorporated, and became one solid mass. The fingers were then separated again by wedges of iron, and wood driven in between them, &c. &c. Women had their nipples put in cleft bamboo, and torn off. Mothers, in dark dungeons, and virgins, in the face of the sun, in the face of spectators, in the face of ministers of justice, were brutally violated. And what, O, what could be those other barbarities which the narrator mentions as *too* horrible, *too* indecent to describe.

Torture, for the collection of revenue and discovery of crime, has been continued in India from that time to the last Session of Parliament. Lord Albemarle lately stated in the House of Lords, that, among other modes of torture, were the suspension of men by their heels to the bough of a tree; the suspending them by the wrist and scourging them while in the air; placing the victim on a nest of red ants; pounding the joints with mallets of soft wood: flogging every part of the body with such severity as occasionally to cause death; wrapping the body in cotton steeped in oil and setting fire to it, &c. &c.

See Howitt's Colonization and Christianity, pp. 226, 279-281, 304-5, &c.

NOTE B.—In 1837-8, no less than 500,000 persons died of famine in Bengal. Dr. Spry, in his "Modern India," speaking of its present state of abject wretchedness, says:—"I have seen hundreds of famishing poor traversing the jungles of Bundlecund searching for wild berries to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Many, worn down by exhaustion and disease, die by the road-side, while mothers, to preserve their offspring from starvation, sell or give them to any rich man they can meet."

The late Petition of the Protestant Missionaries of Bengal to the House of Commons states that: "Sixty years have sufficed to reduce a fair and fertile region, as large as France, to a condition similar to that under which Ireland suffered so grievously and so long. The vast mass of the population live in a state of the most helpless poverty and wretchedness, aggravated by the inefficiency of the police, and the exactions and cruelties of its officers. A spirit of sullen discontent prevails among the rural population, growing out of an impression that the Government is indifferent to the sufferings of the people." We cannot wonder at this destitution, when the British, besides exacting in many districts *three-fourths* of the produce of the land, where the native Rulers took only *one-fourth*, spend the money principally in this country. How just still is the eloquent rebuke of Burke,—"That if the English were driven from India, they would leave behind them no monument worthy of a great and enlightened nation—no monument of art, science or beneficence—no vestige of their having occupied and ruled over the country, except such traces as the vulture and the tiger leave behind them."

Shortly before the breaking out of the present mutiny, British soldiers had been employed to collect taxes at the point of the bayonet, and three villages had been *razed* for the neglect f the Chief to pay his taxes.

NOTE C.—It can scarcely be doubted that it is their country's voice to which the Sepoys have responded. Oft-times has that voice been heard. Oft-times, according to Sir John Malcolm, have letters been spread through the country with astonishing celerity in times of English depression, representing the English as tyrants, when the appeal to the native soldiery has been—"Your European tyrants are few—murder them."

Sir Charles Metcalf, one of the Governor-Generals of India, said, "Such is the insecurity of our tenure of India, that I should not be surprised to awake some morning, and find the whole thing blown up."

Dr. Spry states, "By our revenue management we have shaken the entire confidence of the rural population, who now no longer lay out their little capital in village improvement, lest our revenue officers, at the expiration of their leases, should take advantage of their labors and impose an additional rent."

NOTE D.—By the wise ordinations of Providence, Liberty is essential to a nation's wealth and prosperity. Tyranny is, and ever will be, as profitless in India, as it is in Turkey, in Naples, in Carolina, or Barbary.

The result of our tyrrany is thus described by SIR THOMAS MONRO:—"The inhabitants of the British provinces are certainly the *most abject race* in India. * * * The consequence of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase the whole people." See also the statements of Rammohun Roy, Colonel Sykes, Hon. Mr. Shore, Mr. Marriot, Lieut. Tyrrell, Major-Gen. Tucker, Dr. Duff, Mr. H. Meade, and other residents in India.

NOTE E.—This policy has been recommended by those best acquainted with the state of India: the late Duke of Wellington, Sir Thos. Monro, Sir John Malcolm, Lord Ellenborough, Elphinstone, Metcalf, Russell, &c. See "Norton's Rebellion in India," & "Athenæum, Oct. 10, 1857." And now policy, justice, and humanity, require the restoration of the King of Oude and other recently deposed princes to their rightful Sovereignties. Such equitable restitution would seem a righteous and available opening for Peace in India.

Of the King of Oude it should be known that the East India Company first exhausted his country by loans (never repaid,) to the amount of three millions and a half of money, and then dethroned him on the plea of weakness of government, the result of poverty which they had themselves originated.

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